

JEMIMA,

A ROMANCE OF THE EXHIBITION.

It was early in the first week of the great Industrial Fair, 1885.

"Oh! horror," exclaimed Mrs. Jehial St. Jermain Furrowfield to her charming and accomplished daughter Blanche, as that young lady was reclining on a splendid canary-colored sofa that adorned the luxurious front parlor of the Furrowfield mansion. "Oh horror! if here ain't that old dowdy, Aunt Jemima come again. And to-night, we have company! Hon. Luccellas Loomax, who has the *entree* into the highest circles in London, will be here. What on earth will he think of us with relations like old Aunt Jemima? Really I could cry with vexation."

"Well, ma," said the fair Blanche, "we must try and keep her out of sight as much as possible, but it won't do to offend her with the fortune she intends leaving me."

"Miss Barnrack!" shouted the servitor, and in marched Aunt Jemima in prunella boots, none too clean, a bonnet of immense size and of many colors and carrying a Scotch terrier which when dropped on the carpet at once made a fierce assault on Miss Blanche's pink-eyed poodle to the great dismay of that pampered animal and his affectionate mistress.

"Well, I never," said both of the ladies of the household in one breath, "why, Aunt Jemima, it's good for sore eyes to see you! Take off your things and we'll show you to your room. Well, well, I never!" and she led the way with a vast show of hospitality.

Before the guests of the evening arrived, both Blanche and her mother suggested to their visitor that she should don one of the numerous, magnificent and fashionable gowns that were suspended in Mrs. Furrowfield's wardrobe, but in vain. Aunt Jemima vowed she'd wear her own clothes, party or no party, so the ladies perforce had to submit.

In due course the distinguished company arrived and among them, got up in magnificent array, came Hon. Luccellas Loomax, younger son of Lord Chumpington of Chumpington Castle, Hants, England, a young gentleman of great blood and little money, on a visit here "to see the 'blausted kentry.'" Most cordial were the greetings and profound the courtesy and bows of the Furrowfield family on the honorable gentleman's arrival. The state of the health of his noble parents was anxiously inquired after, also his opinion of this country which he was now honoring with his presence.

"Rum lot, these," thought Hon. Mr. Loomax. "wonder who the old gal with the red red roses in her hair is."



"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Miss Blanche was particularly amiable that evening, especially towards his Hon. Nobbs, who for some reason could not keep his eyes off Aunt Jemima. This the ingenious Blanche perceived.

"I suppose you are wondering who the lady you are gazing so intently at is. I hope you have not become smitten with her," said the fair girl archly.

"Haw, be Jove, no. Healthy old pawty, I should say."

"Yes, and the kindest soul—a distant relation of ma's—we call her Aunt Jemima, he! he! She's rich; very rich and I—but it's bad taste to speak of family matters."

"Wich, is she," mused the Hon. Loomax. "Be Jove, I've hawf a mind to go in for her and cut these infernal snobby people out. She seems the only well bwd woman heah. Be Jove, heah goes!"

"Mr. Loomax asked for an introduction. He addressed Miss Barnrack with the deepest respect, and was soon engaged in a conversation which was evidently deeply interesting on both sides. All this Miss Blanche and her